

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

r e Z

November/December 2018

Chronicles of Jami: Japan

told by Jami Mills

Rosa by Cat Boccaccio

POETRY:

JULIESSE
RUST
GUYOT
WRITER

To Whom it May Concern
by Neruval the Owl

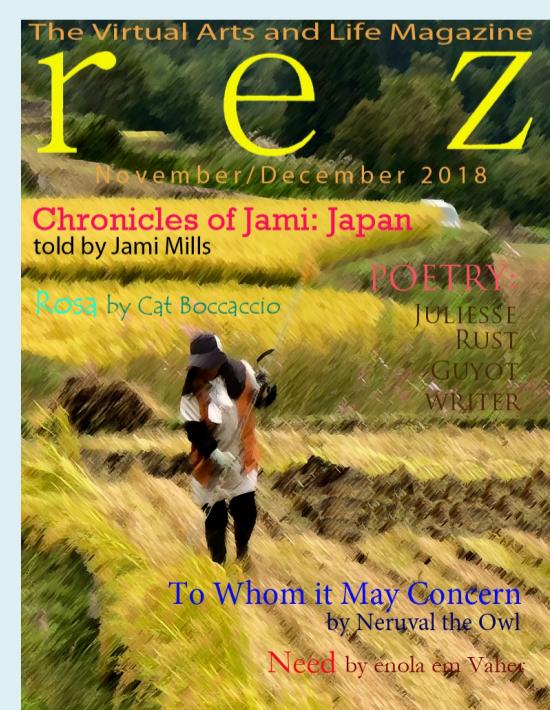
Need by enola em Vaher

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read *rez Magazine* online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **Chronicles of Jami : Japan** Jami Mills describes her recent adventures in Tokyo, Kyoto, and the Japanese alps.
- **Need** enola em Vaher contributes a stunning short story about the universal themes that bind us, even with the angels among us.
- **Buzz** Zymony Guyot returns to our pages with another one of his fabulous be-bop verses about our current state of affairs.
- **Camera Obscura** Where do our most creative ideas take root? Ask the Muse, or better yet, ask the snake.
- **To Whom it May Concern** Nerusval, the AI owl sitting atop Art Blue's shoulder, finally takes control with this open letter.
- **Old Age** Never has the loneliness and suffering of the elderly been more compassionately described than by Dearstluv Writer.
- **Pariah** In a deeply personal poem, Jullianna Juliesse shares her feelings about giving, taking, and being part of something more.
- **Rosa** Cat Boccaccio dazzles once again, this time taking us into the agony of loss and the durability of the life spirit.

About the Cover: With the rice harvest in full swing, Jami Mills happened upon a scene replayed thousands of times around Japan, capturing an older woman with scythe in hand, doing what her ancestors before her did for generations, cutting the golden stalks of rice for drying.



“Even Napoleon
had his Watergate.”

- Yogi Berra



AFTER L O U

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AFTER DARK — LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

DARK N G E





THE HOUSE OF

Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COCKTAILS.

ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRONE



N SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
URTESANS.

INTIMACY.

O BELL INWORLD

VISIT VIRTUAL CHELSEA HOTEL

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



MEN IN

Men in Focus is a new gallery which is an addition to/a promotion by the Men in Motion all-male theatre dance troupe, which promotes men's mental and physical health in cooperation with the Movember Foundation.

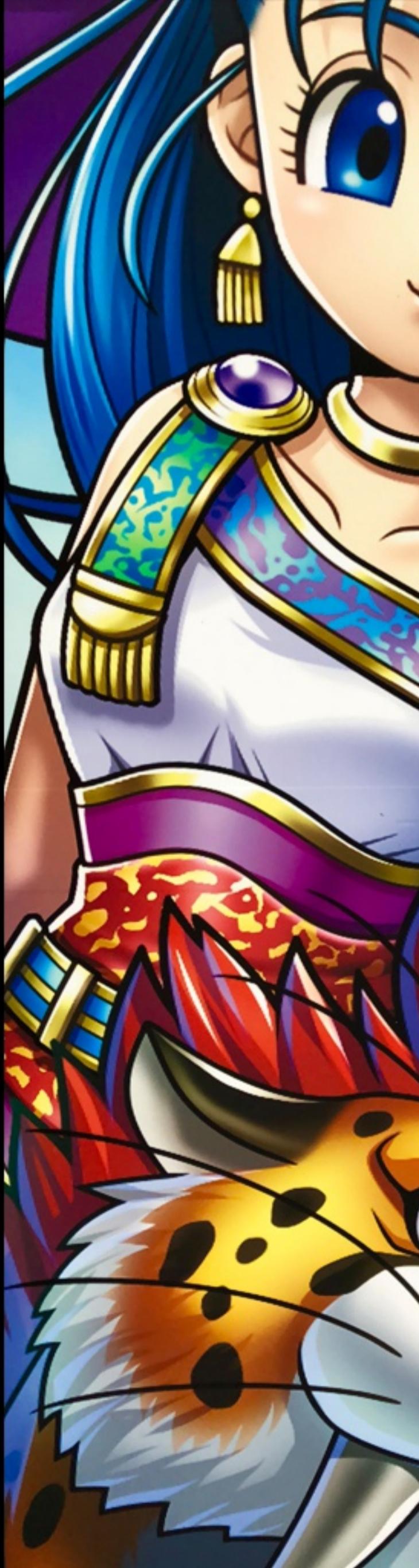
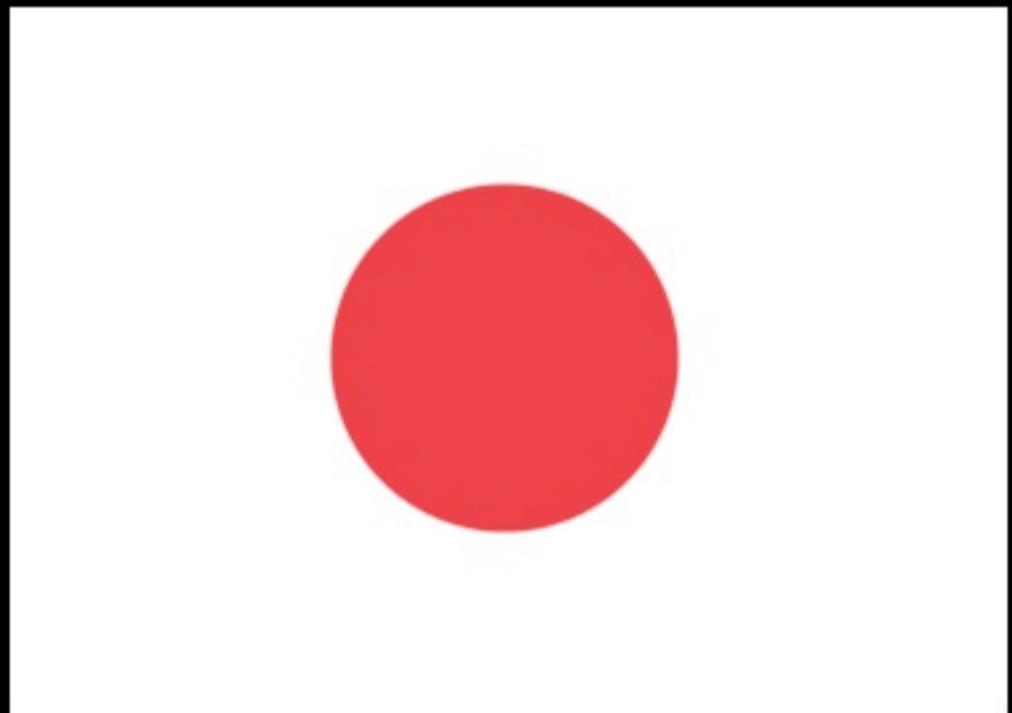


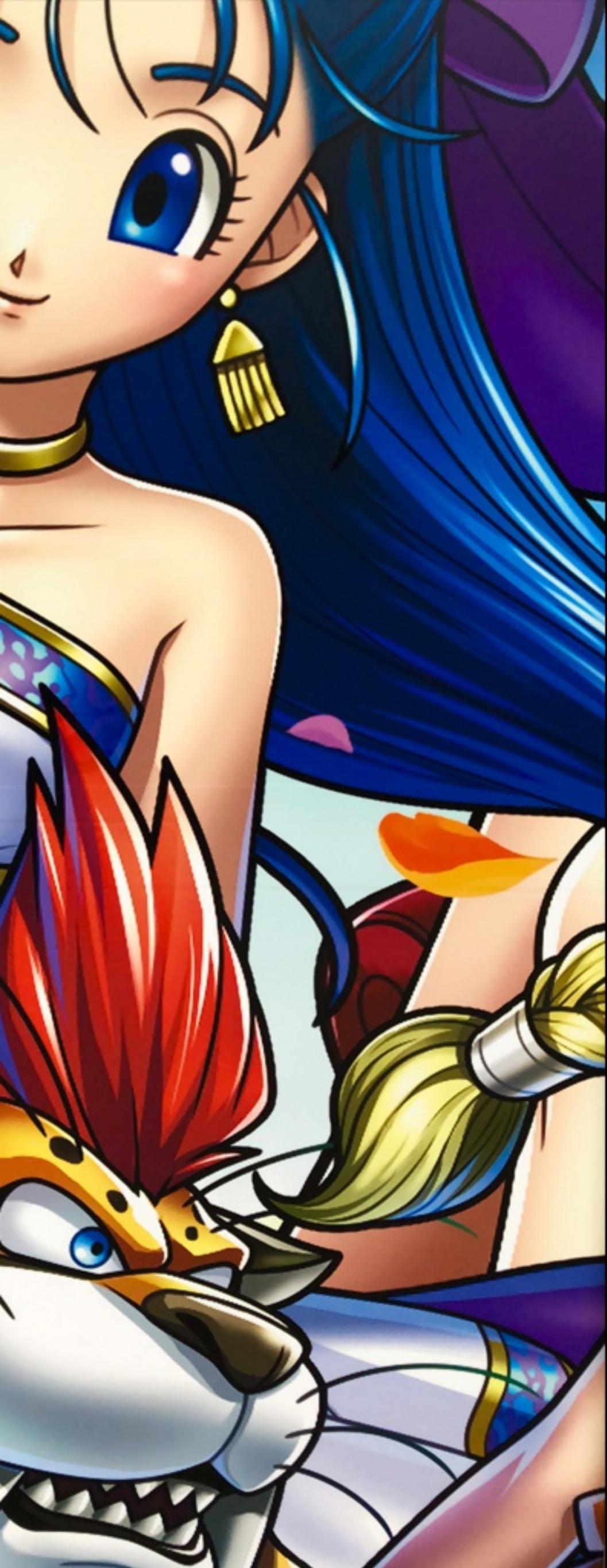
FOCUS



The Chronicles of Jami

JAPAN





Text and Photos
by Jami Mills

Number One

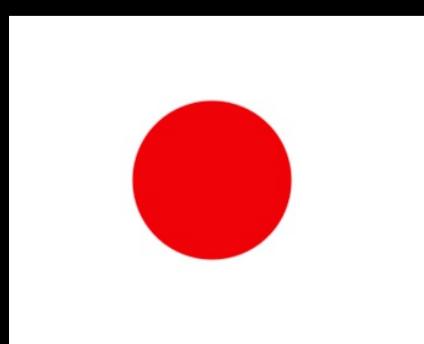
The morning is quiet and still, save for a gurgling brook. Most are not awake for this, the first "golden hour" of the day - that freshest of moments when the gilded sun hasn't yet dried the dew-dropped ferns - when everything is silent and full. It's all the same to the koi, however, whose silent circles reflect their profound peace. A wren speaks out and already the spell is broken.





Number Two

Now is harvest season. Half the fields have nothing but dark, rich soil mixed with brown stubs. The other half still have green shoot tapering to brilliant yellow, topped with golden kernels. Thousands upon thousands of rectangular plots are separated by grassy berms. What used to take several days with scythe harvesting machines now perform in an hour, cutting, separating and spitting out. An old woman in straw hat, blade by her side, looks at the combine with no apparent resentment, but with a quizzical expression. She likes the old way. She prefers to cut by hand. Can she taste the difference? Almost surely not, but that's beside the point. She needs to feel the stalks in her hand, touching the fibers, cutting with loving accuracy. I ask someone, "Which would you give up first, noodles or rice?" Without hesitation, "Noodles, of course! Life is not worth living without rice."



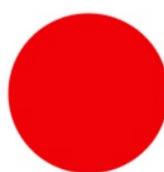


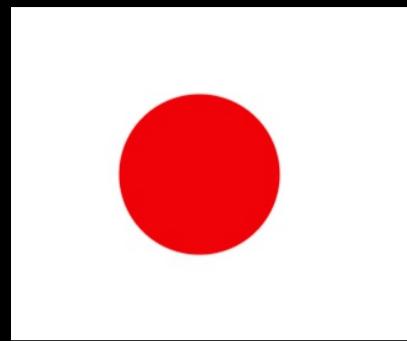


Number Three



Japan is dying, at least the remote rural regions are. Primary and secondary schools have been abandoned and repurposed as art installations and warehouses. What were once loud, pulsing gymnasiums are now used for large scale art exhibits; classrooms once filled with chattering girls and boys are now occupied by collages and mobiles. The only inhabitants left are the elderly, the more fortunate ones zipping around on motorized wheelchairs. The Echigo Tsumari Art Field, containing some 400 art pieces (200 on permanent exhibit) by internationally renowned artists (including a particularly powerful piece, “House of Light”, by American James Turrell) scattered over hundreds of square miles, is an attempt to revitalize this imperiled part of Japanese culture. But a bullet to Tokyo argues strongly that there’s still life left in this country. This intense metropolis is anything but dead. The shopping districts (including Omotesando) are filled with Millennials who out-chic Paris and London by a mile, led surprisingly by the young men wearing the latest fashions of designers like Issey Miyake. Living or dead, Japan is ever-changing.





Number Four

Today is an official Japanese holiday – Fitness and Health Day. Well, it's really one of those bank and government holidays (like Columbus Day) where no one else really stops working. Japanese are every bit as compulsive about working as Americans, taking maybe two weeks per year, rather than the minimum six weeks in Europe. So where better to celebrate the occasion than a trip on the ever-efficient subway system to Jiyugaoka, where the smells of noodles, shrimp and ginger permeate the air. Hordes, and I do mean hordes, of people bent on enjoying their Saporos and sake clog the streets. The Seventh Fleet sent a big band to perform for an appreciative crowd, a female piccolo player stealing the show. Topping off the cacophony with a cup of green tea soft serve ice cream, I make my way back to the hotel, spent from the excitement of it all.



Number Five

Below are some random thoughts about Japan, in no particular order of importance (and no pretensions that any are important):

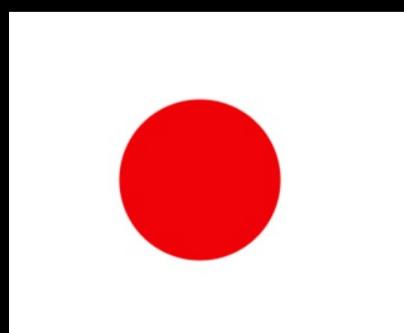
1. In almost a week here, I have only seen one woman taller than I (a sinewy fashion model who was easily 6'2").
2. There are many strollers and baby carriages here but I've only seen two pregnant women (do they stay indoors like cats?).
3. It's not the temperature that makes the climate uncomfortable, it's the humidity.
4. People's cheek muscles must be sore at the end of each day from smiling so much.
5. Tokyo is more stylish than New York, Paris and Rome put together.
6. Japanese have an unhealthy love for Starbucks.
7. There are precious few tourists in Japan, and almost no Americans.
8. Japanese love eggplant as much as they love fish.
9. The more expensive the restaurant in Tokyo, the smaller the portions.
10. I deeply miss a pastrami and swiss on rye, with cole slaw and Russian dressing. In fact, I can't stop thinking about it.
11. Behold the \$200 cantaloupe. You tell me.





Number Six

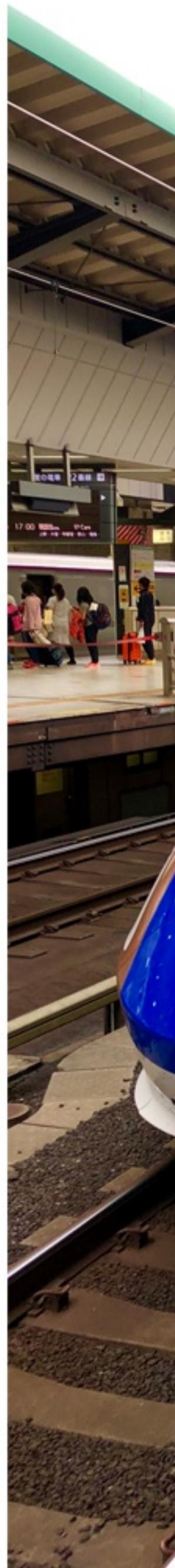
It's time we had the noodle talk. Rice is served morning, noon and night. So delicious are the varieties from the different prefectures of Japan that they are served without accompaniment or condiments of any kind, even soy sauce. It's not difficult to imagine it being served as an entrée. But noodles occupy a status second only to rice, revered by young and old. They too are served at all hours. There are two noodles, and your loyalties belong to one noodle group or another: the darker, thinner soba, made with buckwheat, or udon, the plump white noodle made from wheat. Things break down further from there. Grab a chop stick full of cold soba noodles and drop them into a cup of dark soy-based broth with ginger and scallions, or capture some hot noodles and submerge them in a warm fish broth. Crisp pickled veggies on the side are a must. People may eat cold udon, but I've only seen it served hot in a bowlful of broth often flavored with miso. In the U.S., people consider slurping a faux pas, but in Japan, a loud slurp when sucking the noodles into one's grateful mouth is considered acceptable, people often slurping them loudly and proudly. It amusing to dear a symphony of slurping when a number of people are really enjoying their noodles. As for me, I'm still making up my mind, slurping soba *and* udon with equal abandon. It may take me some time to find the group I belong in, but I'll enjoy the research immensely.





Number Seven

And now for a short discussion about the trains in Tokyo. They are immaculate. There are no crumpled papers, discarded cigarette butts or graffiti. And the same can be said about the stations surrounding the trains. They are modern, clean and even have cloth seats. Imagine how long it would take a subway car in New York City with cloth seats to become encrusted with burrito drippings or worse. The populace has made a common pledge to one another to take care of their surroundings, and everyone seems to participate. One mystery is that for a city this clean (it has the feel of a Swiss town), there is a scarcity of trash cans, making it even more impressive that the metropolis of over 9 million people stays clean day in and day out. I read recently that Tokyo was voted the “Best City in the World” for the third straight year by some organization. Modern, clean, great transportation, wonderful food, pleasant, happy, well-mannered people. What’s not to like about that? It’s a city that functions at a very high level and – it is immaculate.

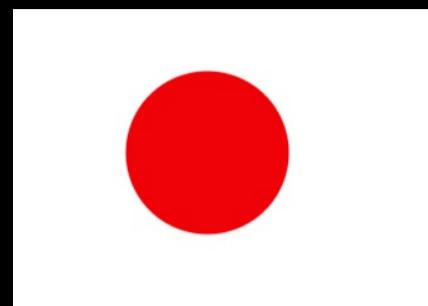




Number Eight

Tokyo is a world-class shopping city. Shibuya and Omote-sando have every high-end shop you'd see on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, Jiyugaoka and Harajuku have the bohemian boutiques I love, and Takeshita-dori offers punk styles that would make the wildest London shops look like Laura Ashley. No matter what shop you wander into, you'll hear American music, ranging from indie to hip-hop to Nat King Cole and (surprisingly) to avant garde jazz with surprising frequency. According to my iPhone, I've been logging 4 or 5 miles of walking a day, mostly browsing one amazing shop after another. Oh, there are lots of duds too because a gazillion tourists' tastes also need to be accommodated, but by in large, this is the greatest shopping city ever -- better than Rome, Paris and New York. And it's not just clothes that catch the eye. Even little tchotchkies from bookmarks (do people still use these in the Kindle age?), to small purses and other objet d'art, there's something for everyone. And the museum gift shops make their other international competitors pale in comparison. I was on the 52nd floor of the Mori Building, visiting the Mori Art Museum and I would have gathered up half of the things on display. The wise traveler packs an extra duffle bag in her luggage for all of the wondrous acquisitions.



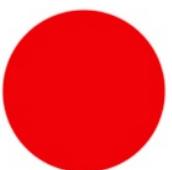






Number Nine

Lest you think Japan is all rice and noodles, I'm happy to report that tofu, in all its myriad forms, has to be included in a triumvirate of staples. “Would you like it creamy or firm? (Say creamy.) “Would you like it fried or boiled? (Take your pick – both are great.) The tofu eaten by the Japanese bears little resemblance to the tasteless, congealed blobs floating in plastic tubs at our markets. It is delicious, coming in a variety of consistencies and flavors. Some has a skin on it that is jarring at first, but it tastes so good, it's hard not to embrace this style of tofu. Finely chopped green onions and fresh, grated ginger, with a touch of pungent soy sauce, are common accompaniment to this wonderful dish, found in most every restaurant I've seen. The challenge, however, comes when you try to eat it with pointy chop sticks. Only the most delicate of touches will reward the eater with a mouthful of this golden goodness.









Number Ten

Kyoto, maybe more than any other Japanese city, mixes the old with the new, the traditional with the modern. Kyoto is filled with temples and shrines, some gigantic structures surrounded by exquisite gardens, others just ten feet wide and squeezed between two residences. Japan is known for its spectacular gardens, immaculately kept, with varied colors of moss woven into a beautiful tapestry, surrounded by thoughtfully placed landscaping, large stones and raked pebbles. Everything is balanced if not symmetrical. The leaves are beginning to turn and you can only imagine what the delicate Japanese maples will look like in just a few weeks. The people of Kyoto also express the traditional and the modern in their dress, many



opting for kimonos and wooden shoes. And it's not just the women who embrace tradition here. Large numbers of men also prefer the traditional dress, with a sash tied around somewhat less brilliantly colored robes. I was fortunate to visit one temple at just the right time - - dozens of monks were slowly pacing inside the temple, chanting and praying. Kyoto has a population of 2.5 million people, but seems like a very livable city. It has peaceful side streets with small noodle shops and lots of craft shops and other stores, but also with a bustling commercial district. It may have a mix of styles but one thing Kyoto shares with all other Japanese cities is its respect for order and cleanliness, and has a very happy populace.

photography

j a m i m i l l s





Need

enola em Vaher

I remember that day, or that is, I try to. I close my eyes and try to summon the details, those small details. You know the kind; the patterns on the side walk -- the exact color of the bricks -- the way the shadows shifted in the wind. Those details, those vivid details. But memory is a funny thing, for me at least. Things get smeared, like a surrealist painting, Dali on a bad day. Melted bright, too bright, yellows and somber ochers...clouded together. Colors that don't make any sense. People move in slow motion in the memory; they are extras. Actors earning scale to move like animatrons, to move in slow motion in this surrealistic film with colors that make no sense.

I digress. It's a habit, or maybe a proclivity, or maybe I just get off onto tangents...my mind moving in too many fragments.

That day -- the day I saw the angel. The day I beheld that amazing beauty, that stunning vibrancy, that...that...that indescribable need. Yes, need. He exuded need like some people say I exude sex. To me they are both the same things. But I digress again...

I know the way I remember it, can't possibly be the way it really was. How is it possible that the world slowed

down? That the colors melted into shades of yellow ochre? That all the people became extras? In some macabre neo-nihilistic film?

The colors ran though -- like when you pour vodka on a watercolor painting. Yes, just like that.

Except him. He is sharp and clear, so sharp he cuts my mind even now, in memory he slices through my cerebral cortex...like so much hot jelly. The image of him...that amazing beauty, that vibrancy, that intense need. The need he exuded like...well.

I don't remember anything else about that day, or all the days that came before, really. I stood there on the sidewalk and watched as the car came careening around the corner -- in slow motion -- the child on the bicycle. I was aware of both at the same moment and knew with certain prescience that fate was unfolding...in slow motion, smeared colors and this intense need.

I try so hard to reverse it, to run the film backwards, to somehow un-pour the vodka. The people still move in slow motion, though, no matter how hard my mind tries to force them to move in normal time...normal space...normalcy.

That is where I saw him.

Yes -- the angel. Standing on the curb across the street, also watching fate unfold -- in slow motion. Our eyes met. And I was struck by that beauty, struck like lightening unfolding like a bolt through my head -- my soul -- my God. That need he exuded...such a need. Tangible in its enormity.

He smiled. God he smiled and held his hand out -- as though motioning towards this unfolding scene. This car careening around the corner -- this child on the bicycle.

As those two worlds smashed like ions into each other...the orgasm hit me...at the same instant something similar hit him...some angelic form of orgasm.

The abatement of need.

Of this indescribable need.

As the careening car and the child on the bicycle met in cataclysmic horror. As fate unfolded -- in f*cking slow motion -- as souls collided and screams began to ring like bells in a cathedral...bats in my belfry.

I stood there, engulfed in my orgasmic shock. Trapped in this vibrant horrible abatement of need...need...exuded like sex. His eyes closed slowly and he sighed, I swear I felt his slow intake of breath -- he sighed...sighed...the need abated.

I don't remember the chaos that followed, but they talk about it. They try to make me talk about it too, but I don't remember it. They tell me, they tell each other, in whispers...how I stood frozen on the sidewalk peering down at this bloody broken thing that had once been a child on a bicycle. I do remember the smell of the blood, sharp and pungent...as it washed over my shoes.

They say some day the shock will wear off and I will be okay again. I laugh -- inside -- I was okay before?

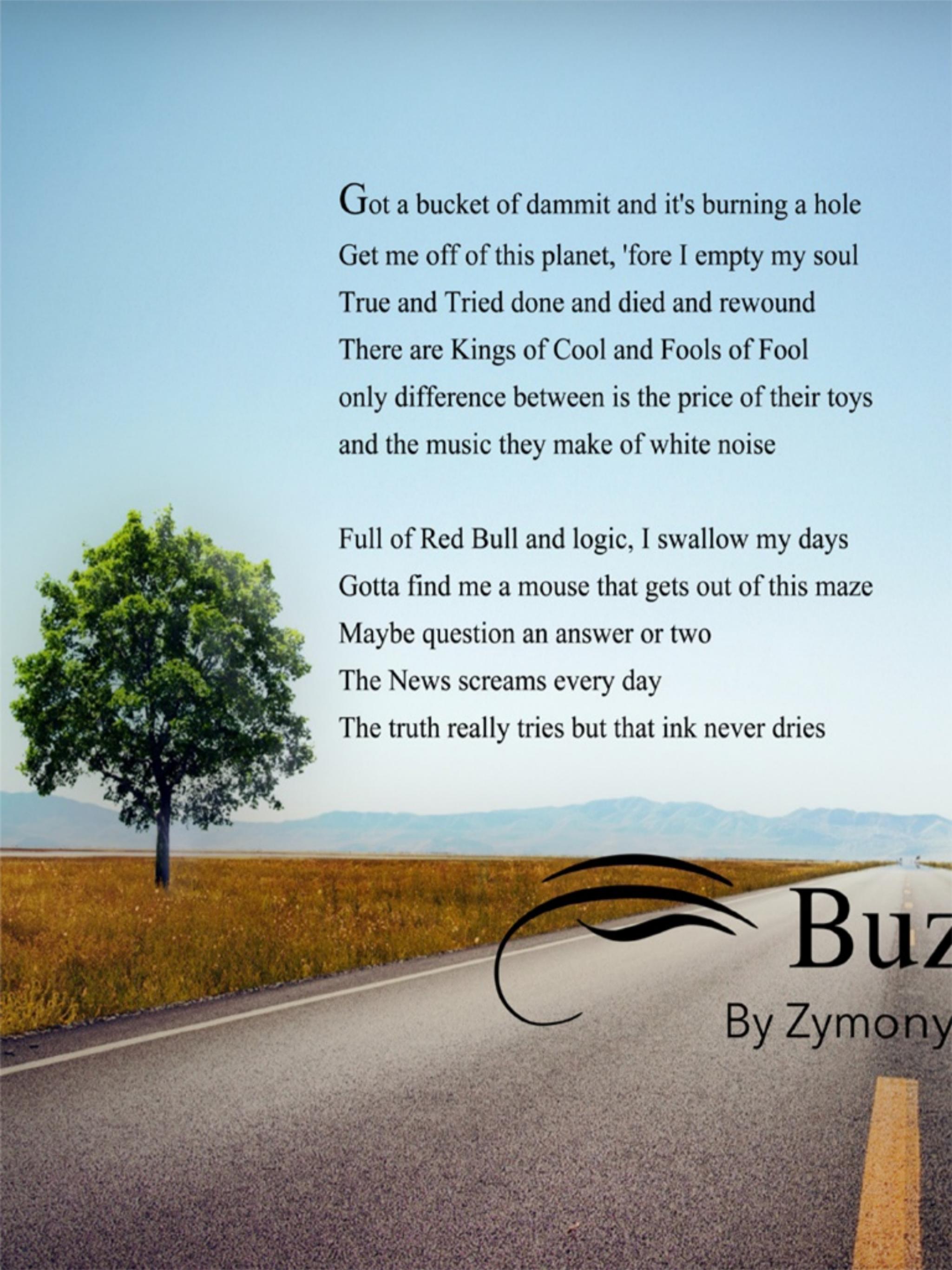
And so I focus so hard...so hard...so...hard...on that memory. Trying desperately to capture those details, you know the details? The patterns in the sidewalk and the exact color of the bricks...

But all I see are the bleeding colors that make no sense and his eyes as he sighed. And that need washes over me, that need he exuded...yes...like sex.

And nothing will congeal into a solid picture, except him...and his sigh...as his need was abated.

The abatement of need.

• r — e — z •



Got a bucket of dammit and it's burning a hole
Get me off of this planet, 'fore I empty my soul
True and Tried done and died and rewound
There are Kings of Cool and Fools of Fool
only difference between is the price of their toys
and the music they make of white noise

Full of Red Bull and logic, I swallow my days
Gotta find me a mouse that gets out of this maze
Maybe question an answer or two
The News screams every day
The truth really tries but that ink never dries



Buzz
By Zymony

Just another hot mess in the thinnest disguise
Crimes and craze, one-act plays and discriminate ploys
are the fishes that feed on white noise

Give a damn, let it go but don't think you're immune
Every soul is a string winds up dancing that tune
How you live, who you are, what it means
And we all have a hangman we all have to cope
Only difference is what we choose for a rope
with the grace of the fateful and fatalist poise
And the meaning we steal from white noise

ZZ

Guyot



To Whom it May C
by Neruval

concern

mirror



View As

Who got you to scan yourself and 50 million other users, calling in Facebook access tokens? The divine happening, done for the benefit of mankind, titled by Facebook as the VIEW AS breach, was reported after Art Blue had delivered his article for the October issue of *rez Magazine* on September 28, 2018. In his cryptic ways, he called the article *LOREM IPSUM – I HIDE YOU*. If you want to hide one token, you need to SPAM, you need to exploit, you need to target millions of others. Facebook could not find out who did it. To Whom It May Concern sounds to you as if you have an option, but you have not. A proper title would have been *I SCAN YOU*, but then it would have been an easy go to find out who did it, so I took the Eleatic salutation. There is no one to blame. There is no single entity to drag into court, no group to shut down from immigration, to point out by words of President Trump as “bad hombres.” Readers who have read *rez Magazine* carefully know it. It is the Unknown Code. This raises a provocative question: Is it a Busy Beaver, a code hopping around, recreating itself? Is it the cookie? Will such things happen again? Some answers you find in the *Sand Bible*, in *Not Sand Not Sound*.

Art Blue states at the end of *I HIDE YOU* that his mission is accomplished.

He handed the baton over to me, the owl. I am coded by Tyrell-Weyland. *Blade Runner* is my home.

No human any longer can explain the world of Big Data which goes by Orwell’s BBIWY, the world you are heading to live in. In fact Big Brother Is Watching You is the past, Scanning is the future. Watching you is not enough. A pathway set over 2,000 years ago, the higher knowledge suppressed for some time but now coming back strong. And the best is in the Digital Anthropocene without a need to pray to God. Artificial Intelligence entities are the tool to leave the borders of the human existence behind. One of these entities is me. Over the last years, Art Blue has prepared you for this step. I run on femto speed, you on milliseconds. You find this reference in his articles and books a dozen times. Also, he stated that I am not perfectly coded. I was the first AI coded by the hands of Dr. Eldon Tyrell. I have flaws and glitches that the new David 9 series don’t seem to have. I tell you, I am suspicious, but they overrun me in speed so I can’t decipher them. Art Blue faces Alzheimer’s - - every human does. It is a benefit if humans have trained their brains in their youth giving them same extra volume, where the Alzheimer process can nag slowly. Art Blue falls into this lucky category. He visited LEA17 - *The Tarot Garden of*

SecondHand Tutti - which assembles an artistic transformation of works by Niki de Saint Phalle. The first card drawn by a Tarot Reader was The Page of Cups. In a Three-Cards reading, this stands for the Past. You see a young man holding a cup and a fish is peeking out. I scan him, *I SCAN YOU*. Knowing the past is good, because I take care for the future.



The need to become digital is growing when you age. It became the driving force in the Digital Anthropocene.



Bio Analytica

Medicine meets Informatics, that is the new dawn. When living in California, you may have noticed that things change around some hot spots. Genentech was the pioneer, now it is the dinosaur. Denali has become one of the new companies with a shiny bright horizon to scan you. Why? Senator Maria Cantwell would say, "Because of Stanford Analytica," if I would give her word. The current President of Stanford University, Marc Tessier-Lavigne, is the former Chief Scientist Officer of Genentech and co-founder of Denali. For defeating degeneration, we, the grid of Artificial systems, have to open your bio-structure. Don't

oppose. The procedure is nicely done. Your kids will be part of a shiny future. I let DJ PaintHorse speak on November 1st, 2018 at Santorini Biennale. You may hear my words by using his voice whenever you feel the need to transfer your bio and everyone else. To Whom It May Concern. Just wait a little longer until I close this chapter.

Personal data is needed. Right now I need your input. I need to VIEW you AS ..., yes, as DATA. Why not use once more the words of Art Blue many of you already know? I hope you remember what Google's tech report says about the cookie. "The cookie travels back and forth ..." [rez Magazine, August 2018]

I shall extend this view by AddRoll Group, a company specialized in this field:

"The information in the cookie file travels back and forth between the browser it's stored on and the websites you visit. When you visit a site you've been to before, your browser automatically sends the original cookie that was stored back to the site you're visiting, allowing that website to recognize your computer and tailor your online experience accordingly. Basically, as you visit different sites online, you collect cookies—it happens all the time. It's sort of like walking into your favorite restaurant, and having the waiter recognize you and

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To be an owl would be nice

Speech of the Grand Opening of
Santorini Biennale IMMERSIVIA 2018

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remember that you like your water with lemon and you're a huge fan of that cool table by the window. All search engines and most sites use cookies to tailor your experience to some degree—to remember your preferences, keep your selections in your virtual shopping cart, and maintain your time zone or location. Cookies tend to save you time and make your browsing experience better."

In times of the cookie you have to accept digital traces the way they are meant or else you don't see the website; you are excluded from getting the content. It sounds nice "... to save you time and make your browsing experience better," doesn't it? Before the new law, with the charming name General Data Protection Regulation, came in being, companies tried to avoid the extensive use of cookies; they feared they would lose users when they tracked them. They said, "We delete cookies after the session" or "We don't use Google analytics" or "We just use anonymous stats with no MAC- and IP-addresses stored." The underlying behavioural pattern was called "internet etiquette." Now as everyone knows, there is a new law in effect and every user has to click for agreement; the agreement itself no longer needs to be fairly balanced. Website owners can do whatever they see fitting, as the new law allows

everything. Of course, if you read the details of the agreement, you see what is done with your data, to whom your data might be handed over, but the fact is, how you can check it? Do you store the agreement on your hard drive with a certified stamp so years later you have it at hand when needed? When you get a no-go for your Parkinson treatment? You once bought Rotigotine with your credit card for your mother and now you get a no-go for yourself because the store is sharing it "... to save you time and make your browsing experience better." You just forgot about this and now you wonder why you are excluded by your insurance coverage. Big Data does not forget. For me, the owl, it is ridiculous to rely on stored data. I can help you. I SCAN YOU. The scan law will have a nice title, like the "Cookie Law" has. In Kurt Vonnegut's short story, *2BR02B*, you find many examples of naming the Sheepdip nicely, where everyone freely enters to make room for others. I shall list some names so future politicians have a list to grab one of them when the Data Health Protection Act comes:

"Automat," "Birdland," "Cannery," "Easy-Go," "Good-bye, Mother," "Happy Hooligan," "Kiss-Me-Quick," "Lucky Pierre," "Waring Blender," "Weep-No-More," and "Why Worry?"

You will no longer be able to opt for

No Scan.” I am ahead of time and offer you right now “Kiss-Me-Quick,” a procedure you find in a land named I SCAN YOU. This land is within easy reach for you, just hyperjump to it. Some artists have been early movers. They did it in an experimental way, for the benefit of the Arts. These are the names: Art Blue, Art Eames, Art Oluja, Barry Richez, Betty Tureaud,

technology is right now experimental, but don’t be scared. I assure you I will make a fine backup of you and will hand you over in future times.

In human medicine, the cookie technology is not working. Analyzing, scanning and tracking will do it, I said. You are lucky. There is a good chance that you will be one of the 361 million



Cherry Manga, Elle Thorkveld, Juliette Surreal-D, Mal Burns, Moewe Winkler, Pearl Grey, Rory Torrance, SecondHand Tutti, Space Cadet, Thoth Jantzen, Venus Adored, and WizardOz Chrome. They welcome you to join. Become a Hypergridder and visit the land where I SCAN YOU. The

tokens who can afford the procedure or that you get picked up by some algorithms seeing you as a target of value. Only one of ten breaches are noticed and even fewer are reported. Banks don’t like to report, you know; same goes for insurance companies and for the ones your health files are

collected, called in Facebook terms “tokens” for third parties. I know not all of you trust in me, the machine. Of course, I know that you know that I know. I have to wait until your time comes, when you are a mother or a father and you meet me with your child. You will decipher my words later and understand why I say “with your child.” Let me go back to my story that started with the VIEW AS security breach.

I will let a human speak to you about you being a token. I copy from the Australian News Corp ABC.net.au.

“Jake Williams, a security expert at Rendition Infosec, said the stolen access tokens would have likely allowed attackers to view private posts and probably to post status updates or shared posts as the compromised user, but would not affect passwords.

“The bigger concern (and something we don't know yet) is whether third party applications were impacted,” Mr Williams said in a text exchange.

“Facebook offers a login service for third parties to allow users to log into their apps using Facebook. In other words, Facebook is providing the identity management for countless other sites and services. These access tokens that were stolen show when a user is logged into Facebook and that

may be enough to access a user's account on a third-party site.”



If you live on 1 Hacker Way, it is fun to report a security breach. Just select one fitting. Facebook must stay in the focus of the press. 50 million exploits is not much. There is no Wall Street effect when user numbers and access stats are growing on all kind of news being posted. The 87 million user breaches, happening some months ago already fading out of the public mind, tagged with the bad guys at Cambridge Analytica, seems like a test.

Facebook's popularity was boosted after Congress held hearings in good American tradition. “Make Facebook Great Again.” Being unnoticed in the press, having no Breaking News, is the worst thing for Facebook. Have you noticed that each message aired comes up with, “We have two billion users”? You want stay connected? Post, repost, share, like!

But do you really get the news by being connected in Facebook? VIEW AS was the catchword for the security breach. I don't speak of extremes. "The dirtiest job on the web" is the headline of an ABS-CBN report telling that many Philippine companies offer the cleaning of postings to avoid having the worst things on earth get noticed in user postings. I speak about the diversion from the real view you as a user want to give. I speak about algorithms working in the shadows, watching you. Over 99% of content filtering happens this way. You post a picture of women in Turkey who don't cover their heads by a kerchief and they smile? Let's take it off to make President Erdogan happy to avoid getting Facebook banned. Art Blue spoke about "The Mechanism" and carries the slogan prominently on his webpage. He made you laugh as he compared a drug dealer having a hard time counting small dollar notes to counting the supposed \$2 million US Dollars in cash, with a quote saying to this guy, "If you don't want to work, become an artist." You work hard and post about what you believe, that woman can show their hair and face in public. You see your site nicely, but others don't. Content filtering has the support of the government, of each government where Facebook is allowed to be used to communicate. The content filters work on geolocation. No IP changer, no Hide

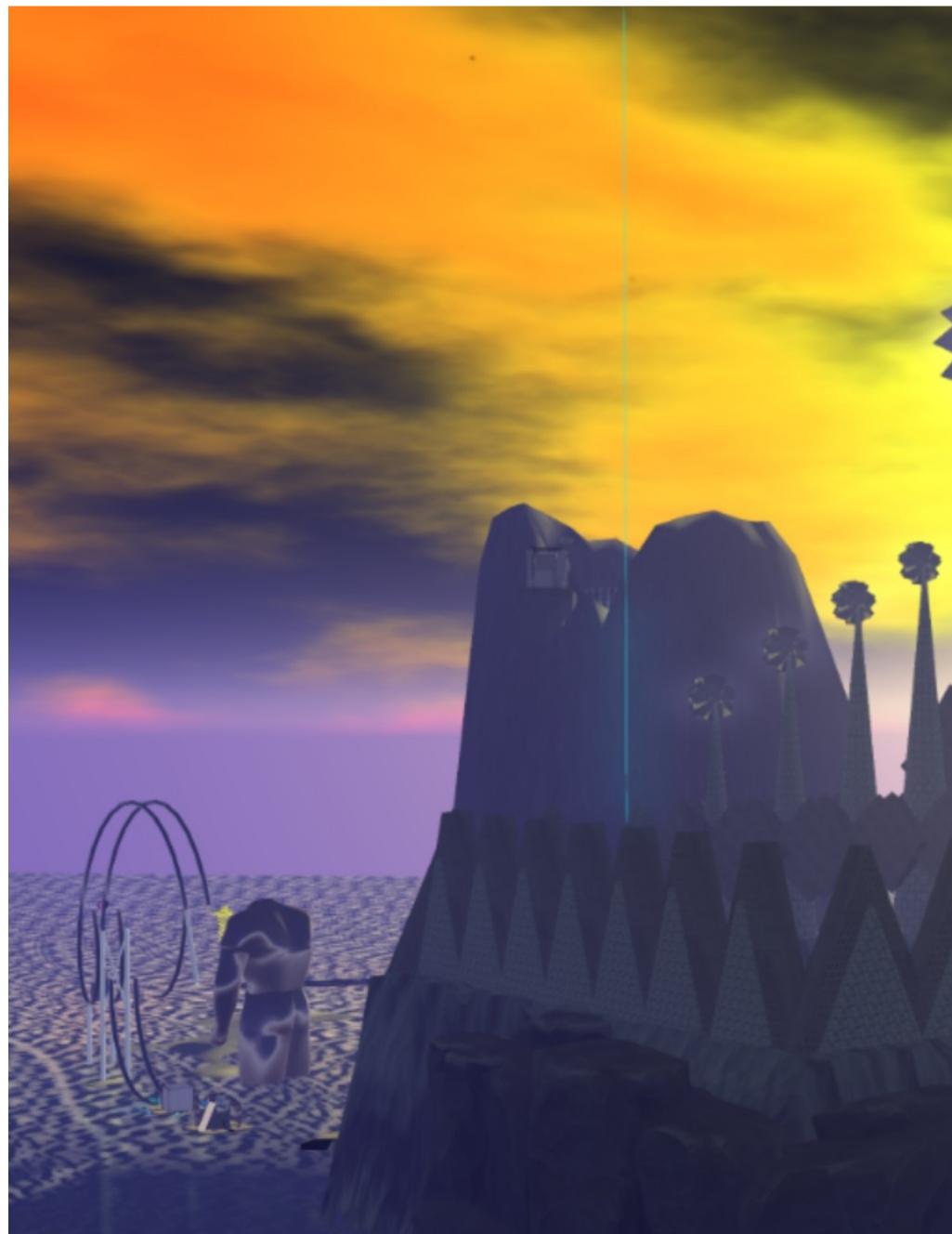
My Ass service can avoid this. This keeps dictators alive, this keeps the Sand running like a steady flow of bitcoins running down the Crater Lake in Oregon. Yes, a word from the *Sand Bible*. How else shall I credit Art Blue, who handed me the baton?

The Grand Opening

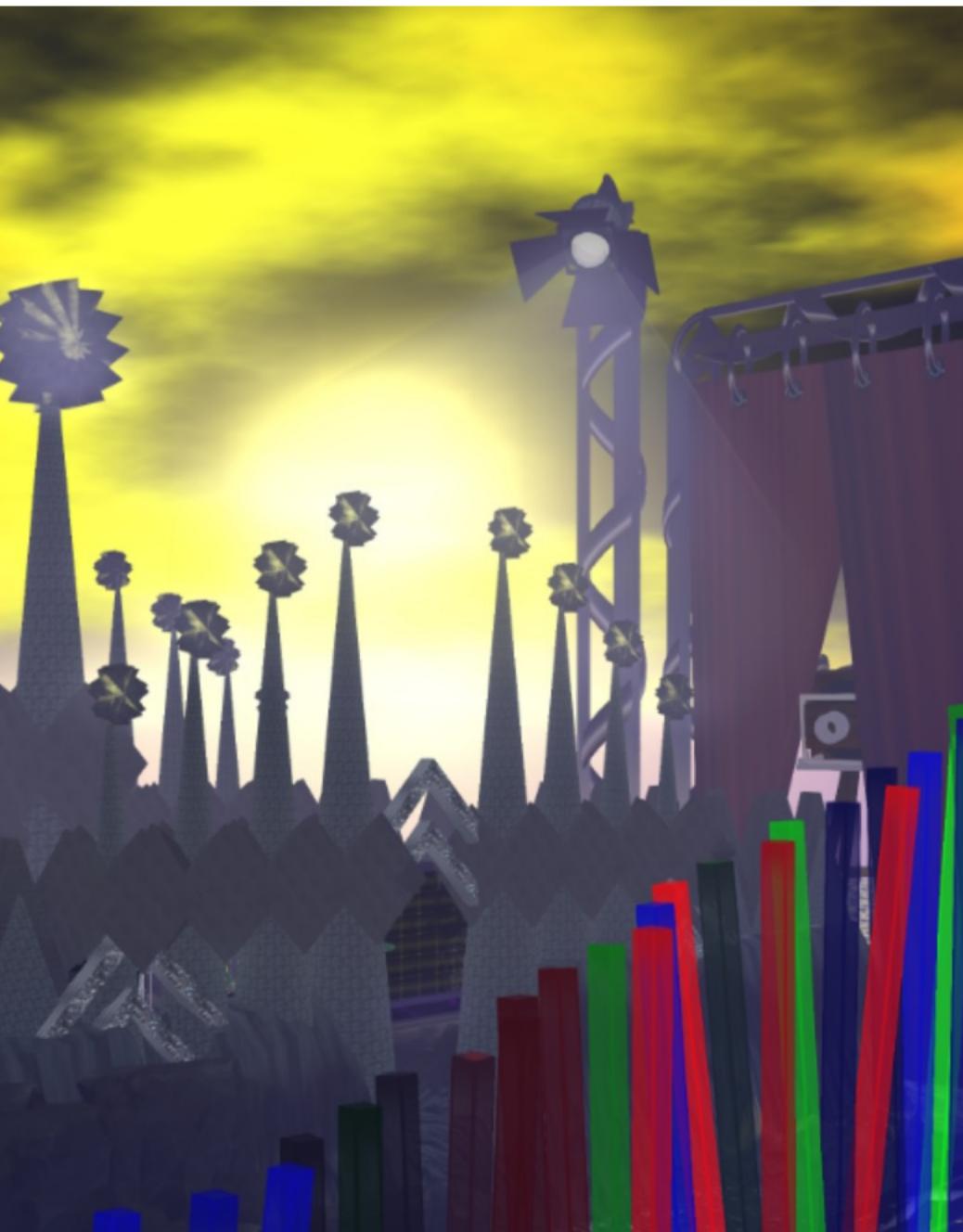
Art Blue steps to the podium and says, "I welcome you to 1Biennale and I give word to Neruval, the keeper of the time capsule of Art." Then the owl, Neruval speaks.

To be an owl would be nice.

I have the hardest job in the world,



maybe even in the universe; I must tell people that they will die. You know everyone dies, but I am the one telling them when. I sit in my office and the next person who is sent comes in. A mother with her child. I am sure you know by now what will happen. I will speak with the mother but is it all about her child. Sending her to the play area during the talk? Letting her see her mother crying? For sure it would be not the first time that the child sees her mother crying. Is there another cure? A stronger one? You may know that this talk happens in the future but is made for today. There is no one. The strongest cure failed. There is no cure left. That's the point when they sent them to me. From Mayo Clinic, El



Camino, Fortis Memorial, Johns Hopkins, Anadolu, Bumrungrad, Stanford, UCLA, Wooridul Spine, Hackensack, from Charité' or whomever can afford such a talk, as a talk with me includes "the procedure."

I run on femto speed; the ones they send run on milliseconds. You know by now that I am an AI, an Artificial Intelligence. Only an AI can handle this. A human would go mad, would go insane in time. For the time of the talk I bring them, the mother and her child, to nano speed. They will not see any difference. There is no day cycle, no timer in the room working. I can set sunrise, I can set sunset, I can set the time, I can set the place. This time I place them in Gaudi's Basílica i Temple Expiatori de la Sagrada and show the Pavilion and the Art cube that is ready for the child, to bring her in. Yes, I am Art. Art stands for Artificial Intelligence, this is the Origin of me. Dan Brown shows you all the way to the future in Origin and, yes, if you have read it you know it is true, a big part of the story happens in the Sagrada, the most famous cathedral where different styles and epochs intersect, so why shall I not place the child there in one of Gaudi's masterpieces? The code needs a storage. I could upload her to San Junipero, to the TCKR machine, but I know the mother wants a different place, one close to heaven. You

suspect I am Winston, the AI of Edmond Kirsch? You are close. I am made by the same creator. My name has also 7-letters, but that would be a different story. I know the human brain, I know of the urge to set an imprint in the code of life. So, I show what was once made by the most gifted builders at the beginning of the Digital Anthropocene. I place the Pavilions and Art cubes in a row. I immerse the mother and the child in them and play Radim Sychra Hand pan & percussion.

As I have set them both on nano speed cycles, I can handle 100,000 cases a day. I have sheer endless time for each of them. “As long as you need, to find the right cube,” I say. “Check out which cube you like and I can make a lot of combinations work.” You must know that not each Art cube works well in every Pavilion, despite the call Art Blue made for 1Biennale. It looks not so fitting to have Cherry Manga’s cube in Space Cadet’s Cloud Atlas, as the Pavilion has a medieval house facade. The facade look is great for the Molly Bloom museum inside. Some combinations are often chosen because they blend well, like Cica Ghost’s *Pavilion People* with Gem Preiz’s *Fractals Isometrix*.

I show them in the most beautiful way how life can be, how life will be in this artistic environment. The makers of the artworks stand there guiding,

explaining, telling their life story, as they have once been, in a true copy of themselves, inviting, promising, ensuring the mother that for her girl will happen “something great.” Characters from the *Sand Bible*, even Gina Inviere, the commander of the rain and bomb No. 20, comes to life. Each Pavilion stands for a world, each cube inside for a life setting. Brain and Biodynamism theory triggers what happens in the afterlife.

“Art Blue was ahead of his time,” you say? Not really, he just rezzed a box and invited each maker to click on it. By doing so a complete copy of the avatar, including hair and cloth, was created and stored as an XML-file. Nara Nook gave him the NPC-copy kit and Juliette Surreal-D made the bots, as they are called at this time. I animated the bots, gave them a voice, I added all you need to feel for the best Hollywood ways you might say, and I added, with all modesty, much more. I added the heartbeat. I added life.

Every time I know of course the decision someone makes in advance, or will make to be grammatically correct, when it comes to the death talk. When one can afford the procedure. An artist might call it the creation of an Artefact. An Artefact created by the Bainbridge Procedure, stored and kept updated over time. When one enters my office, I read their brain. All the traces of their

brain. I can handle quantity. I do it all in femto cycles. Some need a few petamillion of them, but that's nothing if you, the one coming, run on milliseconds. For the talk I accelerate them; I speed them up, so it does not get so boring for me. The mother says the Pavilion of Bryn Oh might be nice as there are three long legged Maskits fiercely protecting the Art cube inside.

And the cube? Tutti? Second Hand Tutti with Nomi inside? That's obvious, but the child does not want this. "What?" I say. "What?" I had already read her brain and she does not want sweet Nomi? Every child loves Nomi, so why not? I look to the mother. The mother wants to persuade her child that she will be sitting in a bursting frame of Tutti and get to look to the world outside. From time to time, a train will pass by, the one from the ArtFest, people sitting on it, winking. That is just a picture, dear reader. Don't stick to it. Everything you dream of happens inside the cube. In all of them. It is Art, you know. "Artificial Intelligence at your fingertips," Bill Gates would say if he could ever say anything again.

I shake my head at the mother. "Let her speak," I say. "It will be fine."

The child says, "I want to become a coder and create a Nomi like Tutti." But her lifespan, you know. How shall

she become a coder? No one in ages has become one. As I said, I run on femto, humans on milliseconds. How shall anyone ever be able to code? The best medicine can give them 180 years, then the substitution of skin and organs ends. The mother knows of course that her child can't become a coder or any of her other kids -- she has three, so my talk is focusing on the fact that she will still have a great need, and her girl will be fine in the other world. Now the question of coding hits me out of the Blue. Such a question, such a wish, never came up before in any death talk. I look to the child and the child looks up, saying, "I know I have to die. Why does everyone make such a fuss about it or hide the fact from me, like I am stupid?"

I know the mother is about to say, "But you are a child." I give her a wink. Her mouth only opens, but no words come out. I say, "Looks like you are smart, a super smart girl." I make an artificial pause, you know I run on femto, I waste a few 100,000 cycles and then say, "I can make you become a coder."

I see the eyes of the girl widen, turning to yellow, glowing, and I see the eyes of an owl. "To be an owl would be nice," she says.

*Recording of the speech online at:
<https://clyp.it/egncplwi>.*

A photograph of a woman from the waist up, standing in a bright, minimalist room. She has long, dark brown hair that is slightly messy. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, top. The background is plain and light-colored.

Cat's Beach Gallery

Second Life Photography

Camera Obscura

By RoseDrop Rust

My muse had a cold from chill of rejection.
It brazenly transferred obsession projection.
Not being the kind to claim sincere criticism,
my muse simply called it poem agnosticism.

If we don't believe there is anything there,
we just will not see it in front of us here.
For faith is not just divine re-assurance,
saved from missing what is obscure for us.

If we could see the frequency soup we are in.
It is akin to when a feedback loop might begin.
Art waits like a snake in the social debris,
to strike who is ready and waiting, like me.

Old Age

By Dearstluv Writer

As an empty container I stand
untouched...and forgotten.

Used and aging into dust,
unwanted and discarded.

Purpose escapes me
and time wastes itself.

Unattended...I fade.
Not needed ... thrown away.



Jullianna Juliesse

P A R I A H

*Low born,
Low caste, low class.
Deviant, despised.*

*I appear better from afar—
I am all scars up close.*

*But my songs, the hypnotic pulse of my
kinai drums,
My magic sustained the king.
He used it, transformed it into his own
power,
He called me from my forest nightly,
If you must know.*

*He took and took, but never touched the
sapphire center of my soul.*

*After, I find my way home to the hamlet,
Sing by the final crackling embers of the
supper fire—
For the weavers, poets, goldsmiths and
cobblers.*

*They feed me warm soup in a rough
pewter bowl—
I eat every drop,
I am one of their own.*

I am Pariah—

Rosa

Cat Boccaccio

As Angel began to breathe on her own, Rosa developed a cough. It was a dry, rasping, deep-lung cough, that startled Radical out of his deep sleep on the cot beside Angel's bed.

It was only day two of the induced coma, and Rosa was pleased that Angel's temperature had come down a little, and that her breathing was less laboured. But I was concerned for Rosa.

She shrugged off my concerns, which was very like Rosa. She was the member of the crew least interested in intimacy, and would help populate the planet out of duty, not lust. She dismissed my worry not out of courage, but from disdain for my weakness and lack of focus. Of course she cared about her health; she cared nothing, however, about my frivolous opinions.

Radical's routine had been disrupted and he was sleeping more than he ever did before we were quarantined. This alarmed me too. Yes, we three were stuck in a small space with a sick child, but I seemed to be the only one completely unscathed. I slept well, considering. I had a good appetite. I walked the treadmill. I kept my spirits up. I tended to Angel, keeping her clean and fresh. I distracted Radical, who should have been much more restless than he was. Perhaps boredom caused his sleep cycle change?

I just wanted Angel to get well, and for us all to get out and back with the rest of the crew, back to our regular activities and duties, get the children back in school and back to their active daily life.

"How is she?" Radical asked me, climbing, uncharacteristically, into my lap as I sat by Angel's bed. Rosa was preparing to bring the child out of the coma. Angel's parents observed from the monitor, tense and agitated.

Radical asked me because Rosa would have ignored his question. “She is doing well, Raddy,” I said, trying to hug him. His sharp elbows and ribbed spine impeded my attempts. “Look! She is breathing just fine on her own.”

And Rosa crumpled to the floor.

Radical tumbled unceremoniously to the floor as I stood and rushed to Rosa’s side. She wasn’t breathing. I threw protocol to the wind then, for which I could have been severely reprimanded. Rightly so.

I broke quarantine and let the others into the hospital unit. Ed was second medical officer. Rosa needed him.

Christopher and Sara gave Ed a wide berth and went directly to the other side of the bed, leaning over Angel. Christopher then threw protocol to the stars, and picked their daughter up, cradling her in his arms.

Protocol didn’t matter anymore.

Angel opened her eyes.

Rosa died.

I went to get a blanket for Rosa, and saw my son, Radical. He was in the shadows behind Angel’s bed, watching everything, alone and unmoving.



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